

A 30 DAYS' COST SALE NOW ON!

Dating from Monday, December 12th, to January 12th, 1905, our store will make the greatest cut in Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Notions, Etc., that has probably ever been made by a Dry Goods House in the West. We are determined to discount the prices of Amarillo or any other Panhandle town as the following will show:

MEN'S BOOTS Men's Boots worth \$7.50 now \$4.95 " " " 6.00 now 4.50 " " " 5.00 now 3.50 " " " 4.00 now 3.05 " " " 3.50 now 2.50 " " " 2.50 now 1.95 Bootees worth \$4.50 now 3.30	CHILDREN'S SHOES Children's Shoes worth \$1.35 at \$1.10 " " " 1.25 at .85 " " " .60 at .40	Fine Knit Shetland Shawl Shawls worth \$1.65 at \$1.10 Shawls worth \$1.10 at .75 Shawls worth .75 at .55 Shawls worth .60 at .41	Ladies' and Misses Hose Hose worth 25c at 19c " " 20c at 15c " " 15c at 11c " " 10c at 6c Children's Hose worth 10c now 6c	BOY'S OVERCOATS. Overcoats worth \$7.00 now \$4.40 " " 3.50 " 2.47	Statesman Hat \$2.50 now \$1.60 Beaver Hat 3.00 now 2.05 " " 2.00 now 1.10 Best in the World \$2.50 now 1.50 Montana Hat 1.50 now 1.00 Boys' Hat worth \$1.25 now .85 " " .85 " .55 " " .65 " .45
MEN'S SHOES Men's Shoes worth \$5.00 now 3.95 " " 4.00 now 2.75 " " 3.50 now 2.50 " " 2.50 now 1.95 " " 1.50 now 1.10	WOOLEN BLANKETS Blankets worth \$6.00 at \$4.40 " " 5.25 at 3.75 Cotton Blankets worth \$2.00 at 1.45 " " 1.75 at 1.00 " " 1.50 at .90 " " .85 at .55	Cotton Flannel Cotton Flannel worth 16c at 11c " " 12c at 9c " " 10c at 8c Pillow Tucking 42-in worth 20c at 15c " " worth 30c at 20c	Men's Hose Hose worth 35c at 21c " " 30c at 20c " " 20c at 12c " " 15c at 10c " " 10c at 7c	Men's Duck Overcoats Overcoats worth \$3.50 now \$2.50	Men's and Boys' Caps Caps worth \$1.60 now \$1.10 " " 1.25 " .85 " " .85 " .55 " " .60 " .44 " " .40 " .28 " " .30 " .18
BOY'S SHOES Boy's Shoes worth \$2.00 now \$1.50 " " 1.75 now 1.28 " " 1.50 now 1.17	Ladies' Dress Skirts Skirts worth \$10.00 at \$6.60 " " 8.25 at 5.50 " " 6.00 at 4.13 " " 4.50 at 3.00 " " 2.90 at 1.93	Best grade B. Domestic Good grade Fine Muslin at 8c Good grade B. Domestic now 6c Good Indian Head Domestic at 11c Good grade Brown Domestic at 6c Good grade Brown Domestic at 5c Outing worth 12c at 10c Outing worth 10c at 8c Elderdown worth 40c at 25c White Flannel worth 40c at 28c White Flannel worth 30c at 19c Blue Flannel worth 30c at 22c Black Flannel worth 40c at 17c Calico at 4c and 5c Percales at 7c and 8c Cotton worth 12c now 9c Cotton worth 10c at 7c Cotton worth 8c at 6c	Men's Ties Extra Long Four-in-Hand Ties at 4c Extra Long Four-in-Hand Ties at 15c Might Ties worth 25c at 15c White Bows at 3c and 7c	MEN'S DRESS SUITS Suits worth \$15.00 now \$9.90 " " 13.00 " 8.80 " " 12.50 " 8.25 " " 11.00 " 7.15 " " 7.50 " 4.25	Men's and Boys' Caps Caps worth \$1.60 now \$1.10 " " 1.25 " .85 " " .85 " .55 " " .60 " .44 " " .40 " .28 " " .30 " .18
LADIES' SHOES Ladies' Shoes worth \$3.50 at \$2.49 " " 2.50 at 2.10 " " 1.75 at 1.38 " " 1.50 at 1.10	Ladies' Jackets Jackets worth \$8.25 at \$5.50 " " 6.00 at 4.13 " " 5.75 at 3.85	Misses' Jackets Jackets worth \$6.00 at \$4.05 " " 5.00 at 3.00 " " 4.00 at 2.75 " " 3.25 at 2.20 " " 2.00 at 1.38	Men's Wool Sweaters Sweaters worth \$1.65, at \$1.10 " " 1.25 " .85	BOYS' DRESS SUITS. Suits worth \$9.00 now \$6.60 " " 7.00 " 4.95 " " 5.00 " 3.85 " " 4.00 " 3.00 " " 3.50 " 2.75 " " 3.00 " 2.20 " " 2.50 " 1.65	Men's & Boys' Hats Stetson Hat worth \$6.00 at \$4.90 " " 5.50 " 3.85 " " 5.00 " 3.60 Thoroughbred Hat \$3.00 at \$2.50

We cordially invite our friends to come in and look through our stock. We will take pleasure in showing you our goods whether you make a purchase or not.

CANYON MERCANTILE Co.

The Blazed Trail

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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CHAPTER XII.

AFTER Wallace left them the two men settled again into their customary ways of life. Up to the present Thorpe had enjoyed a clear field. Now two men came down from above and established a temporary camp in the woods half a mile below the dam. Thorpe soon satisfied himself that they were picking out a route for the logging road. The two men, of course, did not bother themselves with the timber to be felled, but gave their entire attention to that lying farther back. Thorpe was enabled thus to avoid them entirely. He simply transferred his estimating to the forest by the stream. Once he met one of the men, but was fortunately in a country that lent itself to his pose of hunter. The other he did not see at all. But one day he heard him. The two up river men were following carefully but noisily the bed of a little creek. Thorpe happened to be on the side hill, so he sent himself quietly until they

should have moved on down. One of them shouted to the other, who, crashing through a thicket, did not hear. "Ho-o-o, Dyer!" the first repeated. "Here's that infernal comer over here!" "Yop," assented the other, "coming." Thorpe recognized the voice instantly as that of Radway's sealer. His hand crisped in a gesture of disgust. The man had always been obnoxious to him. Two days later he stumbled on their camp. He paused in wonder at what he saw. The packs lay open, their contents scattered in every direction. The fire had been hastily extinguished with a bucket of water, and a frying pan lay where it had been overturned. If the thing had been possible, Thorpe would have guessed at a hasty and unpremeditated flight. He was about to withdraw carefully lest he be discovered when he was startled by a touch on his elbow. It was Injun Charley. "Dey go up river," he said. "I come

see what de row." The Indian examined rapidly the condition of the little camp. "Dey look for somethin'," said he, making his hand revolve as though rummaging and indicating the packs. "I tink dey see you in de woods," he concluded. "Dey go camp got 'um boss. Boss he gone on river trail two tree hour." "You're right, Charley," replied Thorpe, who had been drawing his own conclusions. "One of them knows me. They've been looking in their packs for their notebooks with the descriptions of these sections in them. Then they piled out for the boss. If I know anything at all, the boss 'll make tracks for Detroit." "Wot you do?" asked Injun Charley curiously. "I got to get to Detroit before they do; that's all." Instantly the Indian became all action. "You come," he ordered and set out at a rapid pace for camp. There, with incredible deftness, he packed together about twelve pounds of the jerked venison and a pair of blankets, thrust Thorpe's waterproof match safe in his pocket and turned eagerly to the young man. "You come," he repeated. Thorpe hastily unearthed his "descriptions" and wrapped them up. The Indian in silence rearranged the misplaced articles in such a manner as to relieve the camp of its abandoned air. It was nearly sundown. Without a word the two men struck off into the forest, the Indian in the lead. Their course was southeast, but Thorpe asked no questions. He followed blindly. Soon he found that if he did even that adequately he would have little atten-

tion left for anything else. The Indian walked with long, swift strides, his knees always slightly bent, even at the finish of the step, his back hunched, his shoulders and head thrust forward. His gait had a queer sag in it, up and down, in a long curve from one rise to the other. After a time Thorpe became fascinated in watching before him this easy, untiring lope, hour after hour, without the variation of a second's fraction in speed or an inch in length. At first Thorpe followed him with comparative ease, but at the end of three hours he was compelled to put forth decided efforts to keep pace. His walking was no longer mechanical, but conscious. When it becomes so a man soon tires. Thorpe resented the inequalities, the stones, the roots, the patches of soft ground which lay in his way. He felt dully that they were not fair. He could negotiate the distance, but anything else was a gratuitous insult. Then suddenly he gained his second wind. He felt better and stronger and moved freer. At midnight Injun Charley called a halt. He spread his blanket, leaned on one elbow long enough to eat a strip of dried meat and fell asleep. Thorpe imitated his example. Three hours later the Indian roused his companion, and the two set out again. From 2 o'clock until 8 they walked continually without a pause, without an instant's breathing spell. Then they rested half an hour, ate a little venison and smoked a pipe. An hour after noon they repeated the rest. Thorpe rose with a certain physical reluctance. The Indian seemed as fresh as when he started. At sunset

they took an hour, then forward again by the dim intermittent light of the moon and stars through the ghostly haunts of forest until Thorpe thought he would drop with weariness and was mentally incapable of contemplating more than a hundred steps in advance. "When I get to that square patch of light I'll quit," he would say to himself and struggle painfully the required twenty yards. "No, I won't quit here," he would continue. "I'll make it that black. Then I'll lie down and die." And so on. To the actual physical exhaustion of Thorpe's muscles was added that immense mental weariness which uncertainty of time and distance inflicts on a man. The journey might last a week for all he knew. In the presence of an emergency these men of action had actually not exchanged a dozen words. The Indian led; Thorpe followed. When the halt was called Thorpe felt into his blanket too weary even to eat. Next morning sharp, shooting pains, like the stabs of swords, ran through his groin. "You come," repeated the Indian, stolid as ever. Then the sun was an hour high. The travelers suddenly ran into a trail, which as suddenly diverged into a spruce thicket. On the other side of it Thorpe unexpectedly found himself in an extensive clearing dotted with the blackened stumps of pines. At a distance he could perceive the wide blue horizon of Lake Michigan. He had crossed the upper peninsula on foot. "Boat come by today," said Injun Charley, indicating the tall stacks of a mill. "Him no stop. You took him stop

take you with him. You get train Mackinaw City tonight. Dose men, dey on dat train." Thorpe calculated rapidly. The enemy would require even with their teams a day to cover the thirty miles to the fishing village of Munising, whence the stage ran each morning to Seney, the present terminal of the South Shore railroad. He, Thorpe, on foot and three hours behind, could never have caught the stage. But from Seney only one train a day was dispatched to connect at Mackinaw City with the Michigan Central, and on that one train, due to leave this very morning, the up river man was just about pulling out. He would arrive at Mackinaw City at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, where he would be forced to wait until 8 in the evening. By catching a boat at the mill to which Injun Charley had led him Thorpe could still make the same train. Thus the start in the race for Detroit's land office would be fair. "All right," he cried, all his energy returning to him. "Here goes! We'll beat him out yet!" "You come back?" inquired the Indian, peering with a certain anxiety into his companion's eyes. "Come back!" cried Thorpe. "You bet your hat!" "I wait," replied the Indian, and was gone. Thorpe saw over the headland to the east a dense trail of black smoke. He set off on a stumbling run toward the mill. (To Be Continued.) The best Bakers' light bread at Wilson's. Fresh and good! 12 1/2